

You Can Get Any Kind of  
Feed You Want at

# Cannon's ELEVATOR

Corn  
Corn Chop  
Oats  
Rye  
Rye Chop  
Bran  
Shorts  
Tankage  
Molasses Feed  
Alfalfa Meal  
Cotton Cake  
Linseed Oil Meal  
Alfalfa Hay

SPECIAL PRICES IN QUANTITIES

## W. W. Cannon

Phone 32

### Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary upon the estate of Robert T. Judy, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned by the Probate Court of Bates County, Missouri, bearing date the 30th day of November, 1913. All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them to the undersigned for allowance within six months after the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of such estate; and if such claims be not exhibited within one year from the date of the last insertion of this publication, they shall be forever barred. Date of last insertion, December 11, 1913.

JOHN W. McFADDEN,  
Executor.

### F. A. A. Social

Hope Council Fraternal Aid Association will hold a social at Woodman Hall Tuesday Dec. 2, 1913. All members requested to attend.

### Notice

Taxes are now due and my office is located in circuit clerk room. Please call.  
J. L. Barker,  
Township Collector.

## BIG BARGAINS IN NO. 1 WINDOWS

1 Sash 22x34.....	95c
3 Windows, 8 light each light 8x12.....	90c
1 Sash 22x33.....	85c
1 Sash 25x24.....	75c
1 Sash 29x30.....	90c
1 Sash 24x24.....	75c
2 Sashes 20x20.....	65c
5 Sashes 20x24.....	40c

These windows are all made of Northern White Pine and are glazed with good heavy glass, they are new and a great bargain for you.

Your houses, barns and sheds need more light and you should not allow this opportunity to pass, when you can get good No. 1 windows this cheap.

We have several bargains in Doors, Ceiling, Flooring and Wall Board. We have Wright's Indestructible Wall Board in stock; ready for you to take home and put on the wall. Wright's Wall Board is moisture proof, wind proof and will make your house warm and comfortable. Wright's Wall Board is primed, coated with green and white and is all ready for you to nail on the wall. You should examine this wall board and get our prices.

## Logan-Moore Lumber Co.

Phone 18

Butler, Mo.

## J. A. BEARD Auctioneer

Cut out a part of your expenses. Don't pay an extortionate price when you can employ an auctioneer with the ability and experience to sell your property for the high dollar. Let's get together and figure on a sale proposition.

### MY MOTTO

"A square deal to buyer and seller"

Call on or Phone me for Dates  
Phone 7 on line 7 Spruce

Yours for business.

BUTLER, MO.  
S. P. D. No. 1.

## J. A. BEARD

## My Seventeen Days in the Forest

By L. G. BYNUM

I have always had a love for nature's beauty and an artistic touch to an unknown degree; into the very crude mixture of these two possessions I have poured a third ingredient, the aspiration to write something.

I thought of the boundless prairies of the West, the endless fields of ice North, the scorching deserts of the equatorial South, and the great cities and oceans of the East; after carefully surveying them all I found nothing that produced the inspired effect I had longed for.

At last an idea occurred to me: The Ozark mountains. Instantly the following lines came into my mind: "There is where the babbling brooks babble night and day; There is where the bubbling springs where'er they may; There is where grow the oak, evergreen and vine; There is where the bacon is frying o'er the pine—"

I was just running over with something, although I don't know whether it was inspiration or temporary insanity, which I sometimes think amounts to the same thing. At any rate I started for the Ozark mountains.

I boarded the train, and when night came on I watched at the window of the coach, for I had decided that, as I was going to live in the wilds and be an animal once more, as soon as I could see a great scope of country with no sign of lamplight and civilization in sight, I would jump off the train and disappear into the forest.

Planting my feet securely on the lower step of the rear end of the rear coach I waited, and, as that train went down through the mountains and valleys switching its tail like a dryland terrapin, all at once the opportune time came. As far as I could see everything was as dark as a dungeon. The past came before me like a dream. I thought of my weeping friends and relatives and as I looked at that vision I could see multitudes of people carrying palm leaves, banners and flags from all portions of the earth.

I made a leap into the wild and that leap was the last movement I made for awhile. When I recovered my senses I judged from the general appearance of things around that I had been unconscious about half an hour. After I had given the ground a thorough searching and had placed all of my body back into working order, I began to feel around for trees and rocks. I found none. I began to be slightly worried. After exploring things for awhile in my immediate vicinity I discovered that I had jumped off that train in the middle of a tunnel.

Of all the ideal places on this earth or in Mexico to have sweet day-dreams, this tunnel at night was the limit. I didn't know which way to go. I finally decided to go the other way. By measuring the distance the other way I found that I had saved about seventy-four feet and thirty-eight inches by going the way I went.

I had not yet decided how I would discard my clothing in my preparation for entering the forest among the wild animals. As it was too dark to disrobe where I was and the mosquitoes were holding a mass meeting, I waited until I got an inspiration. I had made up my mind firmly before I left civilization that my "Back to the Wilds" trip would positively be without formality. The reason I had started by myself was because, if a companion had been with me, and anything had happened that my feet didn't exactly understand, I would be by myself three or four miles in the lead, and I couldn't afford to deprive myself of notoriety by taking someone along who might mistake my fleetness of foot for cowardice.

This bit of wisdom had no more than gone through the headquarters of my nervous system when I heard footfalls behind me—four footfalls at a time—and a snarl and growl mixed with a delicate touch of bulldog perseverance. I knew the time had come for my disappearance into the forest without ceremonies. My departure from the civilized world became more evident as that bulldog assisted me in removing a portion of my trousers. About all that was left of them was one pocket and the waist band.

I stood perfectly still at the rate of about forty miles an hour and my servant was with me all the way. On entering the thicket of the forest I unknowingly left a few fragments of my clothing along the unbroken trail and at the time when I decided to rest I was needing some few articles

for wearing apparel. My intentions of recovering them did not seem likely to be carried out, for my servant was not in the humor to be approached with an argument, the formula of which I had in mind, so I decided that I would wait until I had got to where I was going, and then I would try to present the case to him more closely. But as daylight came on I found by carefully considering the facts that, as far as skin-covering was concerned, I was not presentable.

I lay down behind a log on a soft, fluffy bunch of sod and thought everything over. Here I was away from civilization and away from friends. I wished now that I could get rid of my own company. I didn't have time to stir up many thoughts, for I heard another snarl and growl. I raised up and saw about twenty feet away that kettle-faced bulldog coming in a slow trot. He looked mad, I thought, perhaps because I had offended him by running off from him. I was in the act of apologizing when he began to sniff around from one side of the path to the other that I had whittled out through the thicket. I decided that he was looking for my tracks and I kindly told the gentleman that, if he was wanting them, I would make him a few more, and if he was particular, I'd make them a little farther apart and at about double the speed.

Finally I convinced him, I thought, that I didn't need him any more as a servant to assist me in removing my clothing, as all I had left was my trouser waistband and one pocket, and a collar and necktie, which were securely fastened to a wart on the back of my neck. I told him I could easily see to them if I should happen to be invited out to any of the crow and hawk meetings.

My hunger began to assert itself. I found a butternut tree and from it I secured a pound of butter and a quart of buttermilk. With the two mixed together thoroughly in an old rock which I had rudely chiseled in two with a flint rock, I made some butter scotches. I found a coffee-bean tree and made some coffee and pulled a leaf off a millweed and strained some of the cream off to put in my coffee. Then I cut the "a" off an acorn, ground it up and made cornbread for breakfast. In these various ways I secured my first meal in the wilds of the forest. I ate everything that was before me except that dog, which was wearily making his way toward me.

After completely getting over the effects of my wild race from civilization, I found a secluded spot in a thicket of raspberry bushes on a big, flat rock. I gathered up some leaves, out of which I made my bed, and pulled down the top of some small paw-paw bushes for a roof to my home in the woods.

## CRAMPS, HEADACHE, BACKACHE,

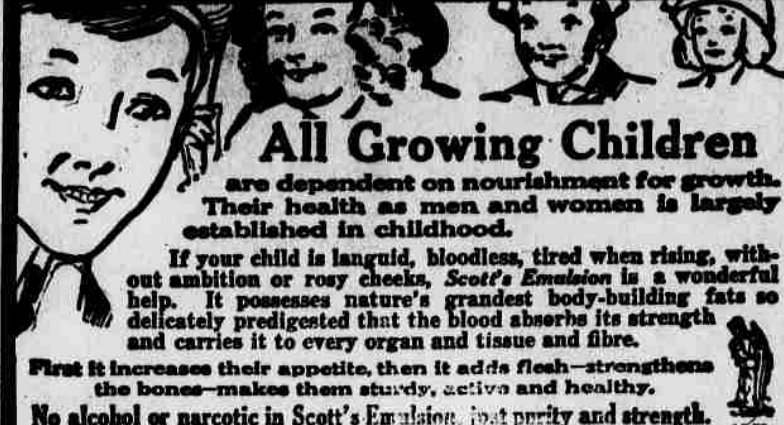
Yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's  
Vegetable Compound.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.—"I was always tired and weak and my housework was a drag. I was irregular, had cramps so bad that I would have to lie down, also a distressed feeling in lower part of back, and headache. My abdomen was sore and I know I had organic inflammation."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier have helped me wonderfully. I don't have those pains any more and I am all right now. There are a great many women here who take your remedies and I have told others what they have done for me."—Mrs. CHAS. McKINNON, 1013 N. 5th St. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Women who are suffering from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

There are probably hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of women in the United States who have been benefited by this famous old remedy, which was prepared from roots and herbs over 80 years ago by a woman to relieve woman's suffering. If you are sick and need such a medicine, why don't you try it? If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (consultants), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be answered, and if desired, a booklet will be sent in strict confidence.



### All Growing Children

are dependent on nourishment for growth. Their health as men and women is largely established in childhood.

If your child is languid, bloodless, tired when rising, without ambition or rosy cheeks, Scott's Emulsion is a wonderful help. It possesses nature's grandest body-building fats so delicately predigested that the blood absorbs its strength and carries it to every organ and tissue and fibre.

First it increases their appetite, then it adds flesh—strengthens the bones—makes them sturdy, active and healthy.

No alcohol or narcotic in Scott's Emulsion. Just purity and strength.

I stayed close to my rude bush tepee all the rest of the day, but as night drew nearer I began to feel my wild, beast-like nature taking possession of me. Like all wild animals I started for the open in search of food.

On my way I found a snake which had been dead a month I know, because I counted thirty freckles on his back, one for each day. I was hungry. I wanted something fried, so I went to the river, walked out into the water and, after some futile efforts I caught a fish. I gathered up some sticks, got some flint, and soon had a fire. I fried some fish on the dry shell of a terrapin that I had assassinated a few hours before. I took the backbone of the fish and made a knife and fork out of it. The fish eggs I set under an old whippoorwill which had its nest on the roof of paw-paw tepees.

I certainly went back on nature. However, I don't believe that when this earth of ours was manufactured, there was included in the contract the varmints we call mosquitoes. At night when I would try to sleep, especially after I had had a pretty good supper, these little insects would gather about my tabernacle of the wilds and sit on the nearest sprig of air that overlooked my human, living form, and in tones of dulcet melody never to be forgotten by their honorable servant, they sang a funeral dirge.

After they sang awhile a few of them thought it was about time for the ceremony of ceremonies. Three or four at a time would come closer to my frail and fleeting form, and a few of them who doubted my ability of shaking off life's garments and ascending to the Great Beyond, would test the validity of the occasion by suddenly backing up to me and puncturing my sun-burnt, brier-scratched flesh. That funeral lasted all night every night.

I decided that I would send some word back to my friends and let them know that I was still alive. One morning I found a piece of slate rock about six inches square. I walked down by the spring, picked up a rock, broke it, and inside I found a piece of keel. Keel is what the Indians used to make paint out of and is soft like the lead in a pencil. With this keel I wrote the following letter:

"I have been in the forest for six days. Have more fun than you could shake a stick at. Went to a party the other night. I met Miss May Hogany, Miss Sugar Maple, Mr. Red Haw, Old Polk Berry and Mr. Soft Maple. The last fellow got smart and began to bark around at me and I slapped the sap out of him and told him to leave. After the party we went home, as I was anxious to see my paw-paw tepee and find out how the old whippoorwill was getting along hatching fish eggs.

I have not got my new fall suit and hat yet, but I think I will go down to the city soon. I think I shall get a brown suit. Have been wearing white ever since I came here. I don't care for fancy things like I used to. I believe I'll just stay out here all the time. It certainly is a delightful place to live. I never lived in a place before when I was so much in love with my neighbors. In fact, they are the only decent neighbors I ever had. I haven't met a living soul since I've been here. I really haven't felt like dressing up and going away any place. Mr. Bumble Bee called on me yesterday and tried to make me get up and move around a little. He kept insisting until we almost came to a battle. He slapped at me once or twice and I began to swell up; I wasn't going to stand for it. Well, I tell you I kept on swelling up.

To get revenge I decided to follow him home and kidnap the queen. I got stung again. I met one of the drones on the door-step and certainly slapped the laziness out of him. Then I went on back toward my tepee and met a bear. Well, I didn't fool but a minute. I said: "See here bear, you have been here a long time and you are as wild as you were when

you first were. Now you will have to stand up here and talk with some sense, or you for the bear heaven." He sassed me. I took him by the neck and boxed his ears. Next day I had a fur overcoat. Excuse me a moment; I must put the bread in the oven and the wild turkey on to cook.

Oh, yes; I'm going to have huckleberry pie for dinner. This is the first time I've had anything to eat in my life, that is, food that I really thought was clean enough to eat.

I want you all to come to see me as soon as I get my new suit. Don't come now as I'm not-not-er-looking well and you may not like my appearance. As soon as I get ready for you to come I'll let you know.

As I have had no roads constructed through to the place yet, I can't direct you to my residence. If I'm not here when you come you are welcome to everything you see. Above all things, for the sake of me, the "wild cat of the forest," try taking a bath in the river.

I shall try to stay out here until Christmas if nothing more than I know about happens. I want plenty of people to see me when I make my grand appearance, as I fear most persons think I'm making a fool out of myself. To tell the truth, I never looked so well in my life, and it is going to require a great deal of sleepless nights and barber neglect to get myself in trim so I may look like a wild man.

Your loving relative.

I never knew why my people did not come to see me, as I wrote the exact facts about everything. From that time on I would get dry bark and draw pictures, which I would send to them showing the different wild animals that I had encountered and trapped. I never heard from them, and sometimes I became so faint and weary I couldn't eat, especially after a little meal of two rabbits, a turkey, a squirrel, two loaves of bread, and a turtle shell full of soup.

Now, as I am beginning to realize that time is drawing near for my last stage of evolution, I look back in envy to the birds and beasts of the forest, living their wild, free life in great contrast to the human race struggling through whirlpools of strife and discontent.

### Real Estate Transfers.

S W Barr to J S Pierce 40 a sec 2 New Home.....	1
Marcus S Young to E J Keen 28 a sec 16 Deepwater.....	1
C C Robbins to H J Mager 40 a sec 15 Homer.....	1200
Mattie L Mitchell to M C Turner 1/2 int 100 a sec 26 Spruce.....	2875
J S Collier to Anna T Smiley 80 a sec 25 Walnut.....	1
G M Wiles to G W Fitzpatrick lots 1, 2, 3 blk 88 Rich Hill.....	350
J A Coleman et al to Albert Thurman 40 a sec 17 Mingo.....	800
H K Wood to B J Wallace tract sec 7 Howard.....	1
A M Russell to H M Harness 80 a sec 3 Spruce.....	3200
A J Hill to N Brown 40 a sec 22 Homer.....	1600
J A Burrell to E B Fish 362 a sec 17, 8 Prairie.....	18000
Florence Blakely et al to Grant Taylor 163 a sec 1 Hudson.....	9600
J F Harper to Home Produce Mfg Co pt blk 7; blk 2 Wyatts add Butler and all property formerly owned by C. S. Mfg. Co. in Bates county.....	1
John L Minor to C L Craig lot 3 blk 57 Rich Hill.....	200
G E Rice to J T Burns lot 4 blk 8 Stephens sub Butler.....	700

### Farm for Sale

A farm of one hundred and forty acres, located in Pleasant Gap township one-half mile south of Marshal school house, on the main road, with rural telephone. A new four room house, good barn and outbuildings, with plenty of good water, underground 3 wire fence, of which about 50 acres is hog tight. 35 acres has fine wheat on it. We offer this land for a short time at \$47.50 per acre.

Phone 10 on 7.

Nuckolls Bros.  
Butler, Route 2.